

WINTER SALE OF HOUSE-KEEPING GOODS

Annual Sale Table Linens, Napkins, Sheets and Towels, Crashes, Etc.

Hemstitched Sets

HEMSTITCHED SETS—Pure Linen Bleached Table Sets, 24-yard cloth, and one dozen Napkins to match, all open-work border and hemstitched, sold at \$7.50..... **\$5.00**

TABLECLOTHS—10-4 size, red and white or red and green; worth \$1.25..... **79c**

TABLE PADDING—24-inch Finest Quilted Heavy Table Padding; will last a lifetime..... **75c**

LINEN HEMSTITCHED CLOTHS—Monday we will sell just 200 All-Linen Silver Bleached Tablecloths; 24 yards long, drawn-work border all round and finished ready for use; the best value you ever saw; each..... **\$1.50**

Napkins

They will soon be higher.

RESTAURANT NAPKINS—1,000 dozen 12x19-inch Dice Hotel Napkins, in dice or broken check patterns, good, heavy weight, and worth \$1.00 per dozen..... **65c**

NAPKINS—Bleached 5-8 size Linen Scotch Bleached Dinner Napkins; fine range of patterns and actual value \$1.35; best napkin in St. Louis for..... **\$1.00**

NAPKINS—20-inch Mercerized very finest Bleached Dinner Napkins; beautiful designs and extra fine finish; 100 dozen to..... **\$1.50**

NAPKINS—1,000 dozen 16 and 17 inch Pure Linen Fine Quality Napkins; also 200 dozen 5-inch Round or Square Openwork Tied Fringe Napkins; values worth \$1.00 dozen—each..... **5c**

Table Damasks

They will soon be higher.

DAMASKS—20 and 22 inch very Fine Bleached Satin Damasks, all new running open borders; handsome floral designs; worth up to \$1.00 a yard; choice of all at..... **59c**

TABLE LINEN—44-inch (note the width) Bleached Table Damask, good designs, heavy weight, worth 45c, at..... **30c**

MERCERIZED DAMASK REMNANTS—72 inches wide, finest quality made, pure white, looks like a \$2.00 damask and will give excellent wear; lengths up to 4 yards; yard..... **75c**

DAMASK—72-inch Bleached Irish Table Damask, pure linen, with canvas open-work borders; \$1.00 value..... **75c**

Napkins to match, per dozen..... **\$2.00**



Towels

Get in on these before they go up for they certainly will be higher.

TOWELS—200 dozen 12x16 Bleached Hemmed Huck Towels, hotel special, worth \$1.75 dozen; 100 dozen at \$1.25 dozen, or each..... **10c**

TOWELS—18x36 Fine Imported Huck Towels, with wide, showy borders; \$1.25 per dozen; each..... **15c**

TOWELS—50 dozen Hemmed Bleached Barber Towels, worth 60c dozen; each..... **3 1/2c**

TURKISH TOWELS—We have just received the last lot of Bath Towels at old prices, big lot. Unbleached Double-Thread Bath Towels, worth 10c; special..... **10c**

Linen Crashes

They're going out of sight.

12-inch very heavy PURE LINEN Unbleached Toweling, worth 12 1/2c; better buy a bolt while it lasts; greatest val in town..... **7 1/2c**

ABSORBENT TOWELING—Made of heavy bleached absorbent yarn; 18 inches wide and very durable; worth 11c..... **8 1/2c**

18-inch very heavy PURE LINEN Barnsley Bleached Toweling, worth 12 1/2c; greatest value in town..... **10c**

FLAXINE TOWELING—Just coming in—4,500 yards; our banner Crash; at..... **5c**

CRASH—50 pieces All-Linen Extra Heavy Brown Crash; special..... **5c**

Sheets and Pillow Cases!

SHEETS—14x20 Bleached Hemmed Sheets, will be 50c..... **39c**

SHEETS—14x20 Bleached Hemmed Seamed Sheets, will be 55c..... **45c**

SHEETS—14x20 Bleached Hemmed Sheets, extra heavy, will be about 65c..... **55c**

SHEETS—14x20 Bleached Hemmed Sheets (not seamed), thread, will be 75c..... **59c**

SHEETS—14x20 Lockwood Bleached Hemmed Sheets, will be about 85c..... **69c**

PILLOW SLIPS—14x36 Bleached Hemmed Slips, worth to-day 15c..... **11c**

PILLOW SLIPS—12x36 Bleached Hemmed Slips, fine..... **12 1/2c**

PILLOW SLIPS—12x36 Bleached Hemmed Slips, will be 20c..... **15c**

REDSPREADS—Single-Red Size Crochet White Spreads, two cases..... **69c**

REDSPREADS—Double-Red Size, fringed all round, and with cut corners, for iron beds..... **\$1.39**

1,000 DOZEN MEN'S Madras Cloth Shirts

All neat, new stripes and figures, made and finished in very best possible manner—with extra cuffs or with cuffs attached—sizes 12 to 17 1/2—special drive for Monday at (each). **50c**

Lace Curtains At Half Price.

500 pairs of fine Lace Curtains, odd lots of 2 to 10 pairs of a kind, from a leading manufacturer. A few have slight imperfections; others perfect. On sale Monday in two lots at half price.

30 pairs Scotch Lace Curtains, new patterns, overlooked edge, regular \$2.00 values, Monday, a pair..... **\$1.00**

20 pairs fine Brussels and Renaissance Lace Curtains, in rich designs, regular \$2.00 values; Monday, a pair..... **\$1.50**

45c Corded Taffeta Silks.

At 9:00 a. m. for One-Half Hour.

Real Corded Wash Silks, extra good quality, pure silk, in shades of pink, turquoise and ciel blue; also cream and white; most unusual price for this silk value—special, yard..... **27c**

35c Silk Mercerized Chambrays

At 9:00 a. m. for One-Half Hour.

2,000 yards fine quality highly mercerized fine corded Chambrays, suitable for ladies' and children's dresses, shirt waists, etc.; these goods are warranted fast colors, wear as well as the finest silk gingham; worth regularly 35c a yard; on sale promptly at 9 a. m. in basement..... **12 1/2c**

85c Navy and Black Mohairs.

At 9:30 a. m. for One-Half Hour.

50 pieces new 46-inch black and navy blue Mohair Sicilians, just imported from England; rich, lustrous goods, well worth 85c per yard; just to introduce them, for one-half hour, Monday..... **39c**

\$1.00 All-Silk Crepe de Chine

At 10:30 a. m. for One-Half Hour.

\$1.00 All-Silk Crepe de Chine, for evening wear, beautiful, lustrous silk crepe fabric; elegant assortment rich shades, rose, pink, biscuit, turquoise and ciel blue, rose, green, ivory, lilac and heliotrope; also black and white; worth \$1.00 per yard..... **57c**

MABEL PARKER, A STUDY: Story of the Carefully Educated Missouri Girl Who Drifted Into a Pool of Criminality

BECK SHARP HER FAVORITE HEROINE---WHAT IS THE MORAL?

New York, Feb. 13—"You are a very dangerous woman."

The Court of General Sessions was hushed as Judge Foster addressed these words in a tone of strong conviction to Mabel Parker, the prisoner at the bar.

It was on Friday evening. The superstitious shook their heads when the end of the trial came on Friday.

The case went to the jury late in the afternoon.

For hours it held the fate of the young girl in its hands, giving her the benefit of many doubts. About 10 o'clock the twelve men filed into the courtroom with the verdict of "Guilty, but recommended to mercy."

"Guilty" because of the facts, sustained by strong evidence; "recommended to mercy" because the prisoner was so young, only 21.

The girl hardly quivered under the verdict. The sentence to the Bedford Reformatory for an indefinite period affected her not at all.

She was prepared for that, and besides she had learned the lesson of a "dead-end street," and she endeavored to sustain that character. But although she was a sport she was also a woman, and so when she heard her husband sentenced to ten years she showed the effect of the sentence.

"JIM'S SENTENCE ANTICIPATED." Jim would have to do time. She had expected that, and she was pretty sure beforehand that she would have to give up her liberty for awhile, but she had thought they would both get off with light sentences and that they would soon be able to take their places in the gay world again.

Jim had been so good to her. She said it over and over, as if holding to that comfort when everything else was slipping away.

Although she took her sentence so lightly, something touched Mabel Parker as she never had before in all her careless, wayward life. It was the thought of Jim's ten long years in prison; Jim, who had always been good to her. At the best, he would have to stay six years and six months. She computed the time promptly he might gain by good behavior.

When she looked back over the six years and six months in her own life it took her back into her childhood, ages ago. It seemed, when she was altogether a different person. It seemed an endless time—six years and six months.

She tossed restlessly on the narrow cot in her cell that night after this doom had fallen, and on Saturday she rose depressed and anxious. After all it was on her account that Jim had fared so badly. If he had not perjured himself for her he would have come off lightly enough.

"LIED LIKE A GENTLEMAN." "Suppose he did," she reiterated impatiently. "He lied like a gentleman, didn't he? They always take it into account when a man lies to save a woman."

Remorse for having so readily agreed to let him sacrifice himself for her took hold on her and she became more and more hysterical, calling wildly for Jim and declaring that they intended to take him off to prison before she saw him.

There was none of the drugs, with the use of which she had become only too familiar, for her to have recourse to in the "lame-thing" but the dreary prison years to think of and agonize over with futile tears and cries.

Husband and wife were permitted, however, to meet for a little while before going their separate ways to undergo the penalty inflicted by law.

"I am sorry on your account, Jim; I don't care for anything else," said Mabel Parker, and Jim told her not to mind.

This confession struck the one note of womanly tenderness in this young woman's character.

She was redeemed from absolute degeneracy by this exhibition of mingled remorse and affection, and the only ray of grace that she has shown in all her wayward, eventful life.

Little more than twenty-one years ago a child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Worthington in Jefferson City, Mo. Mr. Worthington III treated his wife and they separated. When the baby was only 18 months old she was placed in an institution.

Across the street lived Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Preece.

They had no children, and Mrs. Preece took a great interest in the hapless little one across the way, who were fatherless and motherless or worse. Of all the babies in the asylum she was drawn most strongly to 18-months-old Mabel Worthington, so tiny that she had to be carried about on a pillow and so full of spirit and mischief that the attendants were almost distracted by her.

ADOPTED WILLFUL BABY. Mrs. Preece persuaded her husband to go and see "the cute little thing," and some time afterwards the willful baby became their child by legal adoption.

The Preeces were well to do. They lavished all the comforts and pleasures that love could suggest and money buy upon the little girl. From Jefferson City they went to St. Louis, where Mr. Preece had a lucrative business position.

They thought that the climate there did not agree with Mabel, however, and removed to Minneapolis. There, in a pleasant home, with the best educational advantages and refined amusements, the girl had every impulse and encouragement to develop into refined womanhood.

Her foster father, T. J. Preece, was a member of the brokerage firm of Preece & Dunham, No. 9 North Third street, and her mother is the supervisor of physical training in the public schools. Financially and socially their position in the community was excellent.



A STUDY OF MABEL PARKER MADE THE AFTERNOON OF HER CONVICTION.

caused the deepest anxiety on the part of her foster parents.

She was sent to the Visitation Convent in St. Paul, but while she did well in her studies, the old waywardness continued to get her into trouble. One escapade succeeded another. The girl was hopeless, said her teacher, but her foster parents still had faith in her.

The restrictions of home and school proved more and more unequal to the task of holding the willful girl within bounds. She had a predilection for the zig-zag paths of life. Her foster parents' pleadings were in vain. All that lay in their power they did for the child they had taken to their hearts and their home.

BATTLING WITH HEREDITY. Evidently there was not much affection awakened between mother and daughter by this visit, for Mabel says that she has never heard from her since her visit, and in speaking of her displays no emotion whatever.

In her relations Mabel Parker has demonstrated that she is sensational and excitable, rather than emotional. Her marriage was the result of a whim. She had met James Parker, as he called himself, after she left the convent at Bedford Park. His real name was Singers, and was a member of a respectable family of Pittsburgh.

He had only recently been dismissed from the reformatory, but he presented a good appearance and talked well. Under this exterior, however, the elements of the criminal which appealed to those qualities in the girl's nature that had been struggling to evade the conventionalities and moralities with which she had been encompassed. At that time she did not know that he was a "crook," they both say, and she was "on the level," as he puts it.

Yet, as their manner of life proved as soon as they were married, their community of illicit interests drew them together. The marriage ceremony was an unplanned incident. "We were driving in a hansom in the park," explained Mabel, "and Jim said, 'Let's get married.' 'All right,' said I, 'where will we go?' 'We can ask the caddy,' he replied.

"Caddy told us to go to the Little Church Around the Corner. 'That's where I take them all,' he said. 'So we went there and were married.' 'How about the ring?' said Jim, after we got in. 'That's all right,' I told him. I had my mother's wedding ring; no, nor my own mother's—my adopted mother's. She had let me wear it for several years, so I was married with it."

For a time all went well with Mr. and Mrs. Parker or Mr. and Mrs. Singers. They lived for the most part in comfortable quarters, sometimes in luxury.

They ate elaborate dinners and late suppers. They drove about in cabs and went to the theater frequently. That strange combination of electric lighted revels and deep shadowed haunts of dissipation that fascinates hundreds in New York made up life for them.

When there was no champagne there was morphine. Sometimes there was plenty of money to pay for all the dissipation and indulgence that appealed to them.

When there was none the girl's ingenuity and the young man's bravado met the situation.

HER TWO ACCOMPLISHMENTS. Mabel had two accomplishments. She wrote fiction with some cleverness and she had unusual skill in drawing. With her pen and her pencil in hand and her pocketbook empty before her, it seemed an easy thing with a few strokes to fill the

purse, and then the gaiety of the Tenderloin would be at their command once more. It was fun to see how well she could imitate a name. She could not tell the difference herself between the original and the copy. Why wasn't one signature as good as another when both were alike?

Despite her training the moral sense of Mabel Preece Parker apparently never developed. She impresses one as unmoral rather than immoral.

Pleased with her own success, she was scarcely less proud of her husband's ability to pass off the checks to jewelers, dry goods merchants, hotelkeepers and others so successfully. On the proceeds of this combination of efforts they lived the mad, gay life they loved for some time.

The day of reckoning came, however. Mabel took it as a new experience, a not uninteresting episode at first. Deprived of wine, liquor and drugs, she was sustained by this new stimulus of appearing in the public role. The very title "Forger

Queen," which was bestowed upon her, appeared to her vanity.

From the time when as a little girl she had posed for pictures to illustrate her mother's book on physical culture she had loved to pose in some conspicuous character.

She made up her mind to go into the courtroom as if she were going on the stage. Powder, rouge and pencil were all brought into play, and she dressed with the greatest of care.

She talked freely of herself, drew pictures of persons and scenes about her and enjoyed the small sensation which she produced to the utmost. So far did her vanity outweigh any rudimentary morality that she forgot to fear consequences in the enjoyment of the moment.

When the jury disagreed at her first trial she took it as a tribute to her personal charms, and argued that the next time none of the jurors would be able to withstand her fascinations.

The feeling gave her an easy confidence. Besides, she was not disconcerted by sorrows or regrets. She hated being shut up, deprived of the food and drink she was accustomed to, and, above all, there were times when she craved the drugs she had learned to use; but the sense of guilt or shame seemed never to oppress her for a minute.

"I AM SORRY ON YOUR ACCOUNT, JIM, I DON'T CARE FOR ANYTHING ELSE."

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ONE THING ILL NOT DO IN THE REFORMATORY. I WILL NOT SCRUB. I AM HO SCRUB GIRL."

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"Forgery is just a smart trick; open and above board," she asserted one day, "but the bankruptcy game is a mean, contemptible trick. Business men every day cheat one another for larger sums than I got and they do not get arrested."

In literature, Becky Sharp was her favorite heroine.

PRIVATE JOHN ALLEN TELLS GOOD JOKE ON HIMSELF.

How He Had His Eyes Opened to the Unsubstantial and Effervescent Quality of Fame and Lost Some Cherished Delusions.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. Washington, Feb. 13—"Without any intention of paying a compliment, I believe it can be truly said that you enjoy as much of national fame as any man in America," said a friend to Private John Allen of Mississippi this evening in the lobby of the Arlington.

A smile illumined the good-humored face of the famous Southerner as he listened to the complimentary remark.

"I do not enjoy the delusion that I was somewhat known outside my native health," he replied, "but that dream got such a terrible jolt a few years ago that I have long since come to the conclusion that what we dominate fame is very apt to prove a cheat. It happened while I was on hunting and fishing trip in Minnesota. On arriving at a little town it was besieged by a delegation of prominent citizens who told me that their townsmen would never forgive me if I did not consent to make my appearance in public and deliver a speech."

"In vain I said that I had come up there for rest and that the idea of talking in public was an abomination. The Mayor of the town thereupon began to plead with me and threw out words of honeyed praise. You know it isn't human nature to stand out against flattery. He said that every man, woman and child in the place had heard of 'Private John Allen of Tupelo,' and that it was the height of their ambition to hear him speak and that it would be inhuman in me to refuse them."

"Well, to cut it short, I weakened at this blandishment and to the town hall. It was arranged that the editor of the local newspaper, who was supposed to do the introductory act, got up and, after a graceful preface, turned to me and said: 'And now, my fellow-citizens, I have the distinguished honor of presenting to you the orator of the evening, 'Colonel' Joseph Allen of Tupelo, Minn.'"

"When I came to the platform, there was a big gathering and I felt rather pleased that I had yielded. The editor who was to do the introductory act got up and, after a graceful preface, turned to me and said: 'And now, my fellow-citizens, I have the distinguished honor of presenting to you the orator of the evening, 'Colonel' Joseph Allen of Tupelo, Minn.'"

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